

# The Mirror

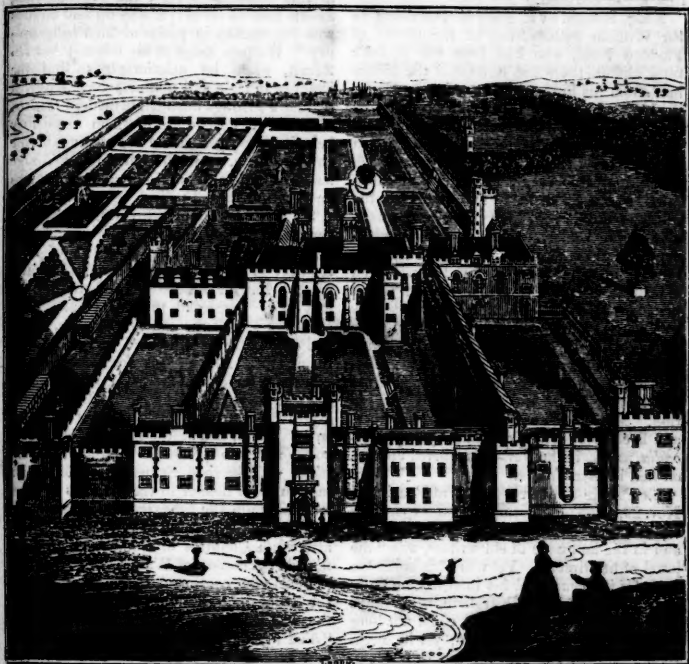
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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## PENSHURST PLACE, AND THE SYDNEYS.

PENSHURST was originally a fine specimen of the embattled mansion of the fourteenth century. Possibly, it might then have been a castle; but, in later times, its plan expanded into a mixture of the castle and mansion, with its towers, courts, and spacious hall, such as are shown, in the above Engraving, to have remained in the middle of the last century.

Penshurst is, therefore, interesting for its architectural character; but much more so for its long line of illustrious possessors, including the Sydneys, and among them Sir Philip Sydney, the soldier, statesman, and poet—the Crichton of his age—and Algernon Sydney, the martyr to liberty. These are bright names, whose divinity will shine around Penshurst, so long as one stone of its ruins shall remain upon another; and so long as the records of genius and patriotism shall remain imperishable.

VOL. XXVI.

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Penshurst lies about six miles north-west of Tunbridge Wells, in a picturesque district towards the western verge of the county of Kent. The manor was possessed by the Pencastres or Penchesters, early in the Norman dynasty; of whom was Sir Stephen de Penchester, who was constable of Dover castle in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. In the 15th of Edward II., Sir John de Poultney, the then possessor of Penshurst, obtained a license to embattle his mansion.

The Penshurst property, after passing through different families, became vested in the Regent Duke of Bedford, from whom it descended to Humphrey, the "good" Duke of Gloucester. From him it devolved to his brother King Henry V., who granted it to the Staffords. Edward Duke of Buckingham being attainted, Penshurst and his other property became forfeited to the crown. Henry VIII. retained Penshurst for some

745

years, and extended the park: he occasionally resided in the mansion, and it is presumed that during one of his visits here he first became acquainted with Anne Boleyn, then living with her father at Hever Castle,\* in this neighbourhood.

King Edward VI. granted Penshurst to Sir William Sydney, one of the heroes of Flodden Field, who had been the prince's tutor, chamberlain, and steward of the household, from his birth to his coronation. Dying in 1553, at the age of 70, his property descended to his son and heir, Sir Henry Sydney, a learned and accomplished knight, in whose arms the youthful monarch expired. Grieved at this event, he retired to Penshurst, where he sheltered and protected his ruined father-in-law, the "great and miserable John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland,"† and his family. He enjoyed the confidence of, and was employed by, Queen Elizabeth, and died at Ludlow Castle, whilst president of the Welsh Marches. His body was conveyed to Penshurst, and buried there by the Queen's command. He left three sons and a daughter, of whom Sir Philip, Sir Robert, and Mary are distinguished in the historical and literary annals of the nation. Mary became Countess of Pembroke, and is celebrated in Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*, as also in the well-remembered epitaph on her, by Ben Jonson.

Sir PHILIP SYDNEY was born at Penshurst, Nov. 29, 1554: he became the most virtuous statesman of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and in the language of old writers, was "the jewel of her times." Yet was "his spirit too high for the court, and his integrity too stubborn for the cabinet. Elizabeth, who always expected implicit submission, could not long have endured such a servant; yet he occasionally advised her with the utmost freedom, and she received his counsel with gentleness."‡ At the battle of Zutphen, Sept. 1576, in the Low Countries, he received a mortal wound; and, it is related that, whilst in the agonies of death, he perceived one of the common soldiers also in a dying state, and calling out for water, when he ordered the cup to be taken from his own lips, to allay the parching thirst of the exhausted private.§

Sir Philip Sydney was the author of several works, which have been collected into three volumes, the *fourteenth* edition of which appeared in 1725. They consist of the *Arcadia*, the *Defence of Poesy*, *Astrophel and Stella*, the *Remedy of Love*; *Sonnets*, and *Aphorisms and Maxims*, collected by Miss Porter. There is extant a Life of Sir Philip, by his friend Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke; and in

\* Engraved in Mirror, vol. xxi. p. 97.

† Lodge's Illustrous Portraits.

‡ Ibid.

§ The late Mr. West painted a very fine picture of this scene.

our time, (1808,) Dr. Zouch published a Life of Sydney. His talents and acquirements appear to have made him the subject of almost universal panegyric; though there was, probably, more of fashion than discrimination in this praise.|| Oldys, the bibliographer, asserts that he could "muster up 200 authors who had spoken in praise of Sir Philip Sydney." Walpole carps at his talents; but Dr. Zouch, while he acknowledges that the changes in taste and manners have rendered Sydney's writings unsuited to modern readers, contends that there are in them exquisitely beautiful passages, sound observations on life and manners, animated descriptions, sage lessons of morality, and judicious reflections on government and policy.

Sir Philip's brother, Sir Robert Sydney, succeeded to the Penshurst property; he obtained from King James the title of Lord Sydney, of Penshurst; and was afterwards created Earl of Leicester. Robert, his son and heir, succeeded in 1626; and after spending some time at foreign courts, settled at Penshurst, where he died in 1677, in his 82nd year. Among his fourteen children was the celebrated ALGERNON, who, through the iniquitous Jeffreys, was implicated in the Rye-house plot,† and illegally put to death in 1683; for, one of the first acts of the Revolution was to reverse his attainder, and the name of Algernon Sydney has since been held in great honour by the majority of those who maintain the fundamental principles of free government. One of Algernon's sisters, afterwards Countess of Sunderland, was the famed Saccharissa of Waller.

Penshurst continued to be inhabited by the Sydneys up to July, 1743, when Joselyn, the last Earl of Leicester of this family, "died without legitimate issue, and disputes and litigation followed."\*\* The next possessor, however, appears to have been William Perry, Esq., by marriage with Elizabeth Sydney, niece of the above Earl of Leicester; since the original plate of our Engraving, executed by Vertue, in 1747, is stated to be the

|| Lloid, an old writer, says: "Sir Philip Sydney had an equal temperament of Mars and Mercury, valour and learning to as high a pitch as nature and art could frame, and fortune improve him; so dexterous that he seemed formed for every thing he went about. His representations of virtue and vice were not more lively in his books than in his life; his fancy was not above his virtue; his humours, counsils, and actions were renowned in the romancer, and heroic in the statesman: his soul was as large as his parents', the modesty of the mother allaying the activity of the father; a man so sweetly grave, so familiarly staid, so prettily serious, he was above his years; wisdom gained by travel, experience gained from observations, solid and useful learning drawn from knowing Lauguet, his three years' companion, and choicest books, accomplished him for the love of all, and the reverence of most; his infant discourses teach men—Oh! what had his riper years done!"

† See Mirror, vol. iii. p. 57.

\*\* Mr. Britton, in his Tonbridge Wells, whence the substance of these details is abridged.

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property of "Mrs. Elizabeth Perry," widow of W. Perry, Esq., "the only remaining heir of the noble family of Sydney, and the present owner of Penshurst Place."\* Elsewhere we find it stated that Mrs. E. Perry left the estate in the hands of trustees for her grandson, Mr. Shelley, (younger brother of Sir John Shelley, of Castle-Goring, in Sussex,) who has since taken the ancient family name of Sydney.†

He is the eldest son of Sir Bysshe Shelley, of Castle-Goring, and married a sister of the present Countess of Albemarle: their only surviving son was Sir Philip Charles Sydney, G. C. H. the present Lord De Lisle and Dudley, and son-in-law to his Majesty. The barony of De Lisle and Dudley, conferred in the present year, was not a new creation, but the revival of a title which had long been claimed by the Sydneys of Penshurst. When his Lordship married Lady Sophia Fitzclarence, he was a captain in the Life Guards: he subsequently represented Sir Edward Kerrison's borough of Eye in parliament; and has recently received the lucrative appointment of Surveyor General of the Duchy of Cornwall. Lord De Lisle is the present occupier of Penshurst; and is understood to have been munificently assisted by his Majesty in the reparation of the mansion.‡ Its preservation is worthy of such patronage: for kings have already contributed to its embellishment; and much beautiful tapestry and furniture were presented to its most distinguished possessor by Queen Elizabeth.

"The mansion of Penshurst," says Mr. Britton, "has been a very large and imposing pile of building, bounding three sides of a square court, and with other courts inclosed by walls. Inscriptions and armorial bearings on different parts of the building, point out the respective ages of those several portions. Over the principal entrance, (in the fore-ground of our Engraving,) towards the north, is a coat of arms, with an inscription, stating that Edward VI. gave this house of Pencester, with the manors, lands, and appurtenances, unto Sir William Sydney, Knight Banneret. To commemorate which event and monarch, 'Sir Henry Sydney, of the most noble Order of the Garter, &c. caused this tower to be builded, A. D. 1585.' On a wall near the north-west angle is another coat of

arms, with an inscription, recording the titles of Sir Henry Sydney, and the date of 1579. Other armorial bearings and inscriptions are inserted in different parts of the walls: for Sir Henry Sydney was ambitious of leaving some permanent record behind him of his titles, alliances," &c.

The annexed Engraving will convey some idea of the arrangement and extent of the buildings at Penshurst, nearly ninety years since; but, it is not so easy to define what the mansion was when in its greatest magnitude and splendour. "It has covered a large area, and has, evidently, been the designs and workmanship of different periods. Mr. Carter, who inspected the mansion in 1805, says that he could readily recognise the architectural characteristics of the reigns of Henry II., Richard III., Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I., and Georges I. and II.;" so that a portion of Penshurst Place is nearly seven centuries old! But, it is considered that only the designs of the three first monarchs have their distinct and specific features and characters.

Proceeding with Mr. Britton's description, and our Engraving:—"A long range of rooms extends east and west, with a northern aspect, in which was the principal front, and near the centre was the entrance gate-house or porter's lodge:" the latter portions being shown in our illustration. "This gate-house communicated to a quadrangular court, having a raised terrace to the west, where the chapel and other buildings are said to have stood:" the terrace is shown in our Print; the line of building which flanks it is a gallery, with bow-windows, similar to one at Charlecote, in Warwickshire:§ though there may have originally been here a chapel, as Mr. Britton supposes. In this gallery is, or lately was, a large painting of Mr. Perry and his family—his eldest daughter and her mother being remarkably beautiful, and bearing a strong resemblance in features to the whole length portrait preserved here of Sir Philip Sydney. Amongst the other relics of this gallery was a large cabinet, ornamented with paintings and brass gilt, and said to be a present from James I.; a Florentine lapis-lazuli table; and the black wooden cradle of the profligate Duke of Buckingham—a precious heir-loom.

"On the opposite side of the quadrangle were the domestic offices," says Mr. Britton: these must have long been removed, as our Print shows, there being only an oblong court, with office-like buildings at its south end; and flanked by the wood-court, with its stacks of fuel.

"The south side of the quadrangle is occupied by the fine old baronial hall, which, though disfigured and mutilated, is still an apartment of architectural interest. It measures about 60 feet in length, by nearly 40 in

§ See Mirror, vol. xii. p. 161.

\* In 1732, a trial "on a writ of right," was decided in the Court of Common Pleas, relating to the property and title of the Sydneys.—*Britton*.

† Fussell's Topography of Kent, 1818.

‡ Mr. Britton's visit, in 1832, drew from him the following observations. "A house that has been so long deserted by its masters must exhibit various evidences of ruin and decay. Not only walls, roofs, and timbers, but the interior furniture and ornaments are assailed by moth, rust, and other destructive operations. There were, formerly, some curious and valuable pictures, books, and manuscripts; but, whilst part of these have been taken away by unlawful hands, others have suffered by the slow but certain effects of time and neglect.

width, and at least 60 in height. It is open to the roof, where there was an open *louvre*, or lantern, for ventilation," now surmounted by a cupola and vane. "Beneath it, on the floor, is the original fire-hearth, with a large andiron for sustaining the blazing log." As the *louvre* was the substitute for the chimney, the timber ribs of the roof and the walls are much discoloured by smoke. "At the upper, or western end of the hall, is a dais, or platform, whereon was placed the lord's table; at the side is a recess, with a staircase to upper rooms. At this end also, is an indifferent painting in chiaroscuro of a statue of Edward VI., with an attempted representation of the hall continued." At the opposite end of the room is a screen and a minstrel's gallery, beneath which is a corridor, and three arched doorways to the kitchen, buttery, parlour, &c. Exterior of this corridor is a vaulted porch, with a beautiful doorway, and a large, old door. A circular staircase communicated with the gallery, roof, and a room over the porch. On each side of the hall are lofty and beautifully formed windows, with a stone mullion in the centre, and with singular but well-disposed tracery in the arch. The sills of these windows are very near the floor, an unusual occurrence in such halls. The floor is composed of small bricks or tiles, and beneath the whole is a very fine crypt or vault.\*

Among the state-rooms with which the hall communicates, is an elegant saloon, 50 feet long, with a finely coved ceiling, rich in Elizabethan and more modern decorations; among them is a crimson velvet and gold screen, embroidered with mother-of-pearl, by Queen Elizabeth, who was entertained with a masque in this room. Next is the Queen's drawing-room, which contains the chairs presented by her Majesty. Another apartment is hung with tapestry, said to be among the finest in England.

The grounds at Penshurst are very extensive, and were, at the date of our Print, laid out in the formal taste of the time: we see there the trim hedge, the evergreen wall and arch, and geometrical bed; the basin and its fountain, the strait walk and pleasant green, with its patriarchal tree, and lines dotted with smaller denizens. In the outer park, to this day, is a heronry; and a fine, large oak tree, (probably that standing alone, on the right, in the Print,) said to have been planted at Sir Philip Sydney's birth; its bole measuring about 28 feet in circumference.† In the distance is seen Penshurst Church, according to Mr. Britton, "a clean, respecta-

ble edifice, with a handsome tower at the west end, a chantry, chapel and vault, at the south-east angle, appropriated to the Sydneys. Several members of the family have been interred here, and tresses and monumental tablets record their names, and dates of death."

The "solitariness" of the "sweet woods" of Penshurst, may oft have proved a happy haven to the Sydneys, from the chivalrous court and its intrigues. We may say of Penshurst as Sir Philip Sydney said of Wilton:

here no abuse doth haunt,—  
What man grafts in his tree dissimulation.

Here, too, are we reminded of his poetical maxim:

The common ingredients of health and long life are  
Great temperance, open air,  
Easy labour, little care.

## Manners and Customs.

### PROCESSION OF THE BURIAL OF JESUS.

By a late Visitor, at Florence.

THE celebrated procession of the burial of Jesus, consists of 5,000 persons in costume, and takes place in the night, by torch-light, at the adjacent village of Prato. It is one of the ceremonies of the holy week, whose famed pomp, in Rome, generally assembles travellers in that city. The town of Prato is about eleven miles from Florence, and contains a population of 12,000; but, on the representation of this spectacle, it rarely numbers less than 50,000.

A little after sunset they began to light the beautiful globe lamps and fancifully arranged forms, which almost covered the fronts of the houses up to the third story. As soon as darkness had fairly spread its mantle over the heavens, the sound of the muffled drum was heard from the great square in front of the church of St. Francis, whence the procession was to start. This was the signal to clear the streets wide enough to allow it to pass properly. At first, appeared a band of about twenty soldiers on foot, dressed in deep black with muskets, but the crowd did not yield to them. Then four on horseback, and they succeeded by pressing the people (who still stood six deep on either side of the street) as closely as possible against the walls. Now came the most wonderful thing I have ever witnessed in my life, the effect of which I can never forget. Two men in deep black, with swords, and white kerchiefs which they pressed to their lips; and, in much less time than I take to write it, from the loud roar of at least 50,000 voices, a silence so profound succeeded, that it seemed a city of tombs! I found myself gasping for breath, and I felt as if all nature also had ceased to breathe. Oh! the

\* Descriptive Sketches of Tunbridge Wells, 1832.

† A Correspondent, in our 23rd vol., p. 324, doubts whether the tree be now in existence as above stated, adding that forty years since, it could not be identified; so that the celebrity has, probably, been transferred to some other "monarch of the woods." See the interesting paper, in the above volume.

astounding power of that religion which could produce such a miracle over the minds of the people! To give you an idea of its power I will mention, that at this moment one of the horsemen, not managing his beast well, it began to rear and plunge into the throng of people, among women and children, and although we all thought many would be killed on the spot, not a sound was heard until the peril becoming awfully terrific, one man called out, "*sotto voce alla mano*," and another stepped forward, caught the horse by the bridle, and led him off. Now commenced in order as follows. First, the troops of horse—the riders dressed precisely in the costume of Roman soldiers in the time of Jesus, helmets and large shields on the left breast—a drapery of velvet, some of black, some blue, and some crimson, magnificently embroidered in gold, fastened to the shoulders and so large as to cover half the horse, reaching to his fetlocks: they held raised swords in the right hand, and moved with solemn and slow step, the hoofs of the horses covered thickly with cloth that not even *their* tread should be heard on the pavement; then a rider with two muffled drums, the horse led and followed by two Roman knights, with the Roman standards S. P. Q. R. A company of foot soldiers in Roman costume, with shield, &c. A band of forty musicians playing a funeral march, attended by a company of the fraternity of St. Ursula carrying torches; then twenty-four of the best bass, twenty-four of the best tenor, and twenty-four young boys singing the *miserere*. This last was the sublimest strain of music I ever heard or conceived. Then came the "mysteries," or objects relating to the passion of Jesus Christ, each one borne by a man dressed in black robes, two torch-bearers on either side, and four behind. The mysteries were as follows—the cross, the cup of bitterness, purse of Judas, Peter's sword, lantern, cords, the cock, the column, scourges, fetters, staves, the iron glove of the soldier who struck him, the reed, sponge, nails, bandage with which Christ was blindfolded, crown of thorns, purple robe, wash-hand basin and towel of Pilate, &c. &c. Torch-bearers. Then the seven last sentences of Christ, each written upon a white satin flag borne by priests, dressed as for high mass, accompanied by priests bearing torches. Under a rich *baldichino* (or canopy) lay the body of Jesus; this was borne by priests in their robes. The bishop came close behind, preaching in Italian, what to us appeared an appropriate discourse. The canopy was about twenty feet high, covered with black velvet edged with gold. Then forty large wax torch-bearers, and fifty men dressed in the order of the capuchins, who carried flambeaux. A band of musicians about forty in number, and a chorus of boys and singers. Then followed the statue of the Madonna

dressed in deep mourning, followed by one hundred torch-bearers. Several cohorts, knights, and soldiers, on horseback. Two Roman standards and several companies of the national guards closed the procession. The transition from deathlike stillness, to the clash of Babel, was as instantaneous as the first change from tumult to silence, for, in the twinkling of an eye, as the last troops passed, the multitudes from all sides began to disperse. I forgot to mention that not a head was covered during the whole ceremony, which lasted full two hours, except of course the soldiers and the capuchins who always wear the cap of their order.—*New-York Mirror*.

### The Public Journals.

#### TO CHILDHOOD.

"Und ist sie hin, die gold'ne Zeit.—SALIS.

AND where is now the golden hour,  
When Earth was as a fairy realm,  
When Fancy revelled  
Within her own enchanted bower,  
Which Sorrow came to overwhelm,  
Which Reason levelled;  
When Life was new, and Hope was young,  
And sought and saw no other chart,  
Than rose where'er  
We turned—the crystal joy that sprang  
Up from the ever-bubbling heart?  
O! tell us where!  
Man, like the leaf that swims the wave,  
A wanderer down that rushing river,  
Whose torchless shore  
Is spectre-peopled from the grave,  
Can scarce amid his whirl and fever  
Of soul, explore  
The treasures infant-bosoms cherish:  
Yet feelings of celestial birth  
To these are given,  
Whose Iris hues, too deep to perish,  
Surviving Life, outlasting Earth,  
Shall glow in Heaven.  
I see thy willow-darkened stream,  
Thy sunny lake, thy sunless grove,  
Before me glassed  
In many a dimly-gorgeous dream,  
And wake to love, to doubly love  
The magic Past!  
Or Fiction lifts her dazzling wand,  
And, lo! her buried wonders rise  
On Slumber's view,  
Till all Arabia's genii-land  
Shines out, the mimic Paradise  
Thy pencil drew!  
Youth burns: we run the blind career  
Which they who run but run to rue;  
Too fleetly flies  
The witchery of that maddening year;  
Yet will we not the track pursue  
Where Wisdom lies;  
For Manhood lours, and all the cares  
And toils, and ills of Manhood born,  
Consume the soul.  
Till wither'd Age's whiten'd ha  
The symbols of his Winter wa'm  
Us to the goal.  
But thou, lost vision! Memory clings  
To all of bright, and pure, and fond,  
By thee enrolled!  
Mementos as of times and things  
Antique, remote, far, far beyond  
The Flood of old!

Yet, oh! the spell itself how brief!  
 How sadly brief! how swiftly broken!  
 We witness how  
 The freshness of the lily's leaf,  
 Ere autumn dies, and leaves no token,  
 And where art thou?  
*Dublin University Magazine.*

#### FOX-HUNTING IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

(From a very entertaining and seasonable paper in  
*Tait's Magazine.*)

THE notions which the French have regarding this true English sport, are so very antiquated, that they are, in all probability, derived from some fox-hunting cavaliers who accompanied Charles II. in his exile; for I imagine that it was before, or about that period, that their practices existed in England, if they were ever known here at any time.

Long ago, in England—

"Our squires of old would rouse the day  
 To the sound of the bagle-horn;"

and, upon the same principle which led them to do so, I suppose the French act in the present day; and no arguments, no expostulations drawn from the practice in the land of fox-hunting, will induce them to alter or improve their mode of going to work. "It is not so in France," is the universal and conclusive answer. Thus, who ever wishes to go French fox-hunting, must make up his mind to tumble out of bed by half-past four, or five, at the latest. Should it rain while he is dressing, he may go to bed again, for, in their opinion, the scent will not lie at all; and, should a shower or two fall in the course of the day, the faults and mistakes committed, whether on the part of the huntsman or the dogs, are most knowingly laid to account of the weather.

I have seen one or two dogs good enough to have held a respectable place, even in an English pack; but the generality are good for nothing. They never hunt with what we should call *courage*; but potter about like a parcel of pigs in an Indian corn-field. Often have I been amused by observing some of them, when unable to pick up the scent, sit down on their hind-quarters, and, with their noses in the air, composedly "bow-wow" away at the skies, instead of endeavouring to recover it, forgetting the new maxim of the politicians—*Aide toi*. But one cannot, considering their training, blame them for this. In one particular, I think, they are superior to our dogs, and that is, that their notes are even more musical than those of our dogs; but this, I believe, is owing to the climate—for I have been informed that English dogs, after having been some time in France, acquire the same melody of sound. They are totally dissimilar in appearance: there is the heavy, strong, muscular animal, more adapted for a bear-hunt; the long-backed, greyhound-looking brute; and a cur, something like the beagle—in sweet confusion blended. The owner hunts them himself, and has a whipper-

in, or "piqueur," as they call him, mounted; and sometimes another on foot. The hunting party must now be described; but they are sometimes so ludicrous in appearance, so oddly (at least to the eye of an Englishman) attired, mounted, and accoutred, that I fear I may fail in conveying a vivid impression of their appearance, which, indeed, beggars all description. To be justly appreciated and sufficiently admired, it must be seen. Oh! what a despicable figure the gentlemen of any of our crack hunts would cut alongside of these worthies! Their heads are crowned with a three-cornered, 'fore-and-aft-looking cap of fur, of cloth, or of oil-cloth, with huge "fall-downs" to cover the ears, and studded and "illuminated" all over with glittering steel buttons. A black stock, with a piece of whitish linen peeping over it, encloses the throat; and a green, dark-brown, or velvet cut-away coat, and underneath it a bright crimson waistcoat, adorned with chains and clasps, and numberless odds and ends, and a broad, leathern belt, drawn around their waists, dignify the upper man. Light-coloured inexpressibles, of cloth or worsted cord, buttoned at the knee, or tied at the ankle; the enormous jack-boots of the Russian courier, or French *gend'armes*; or an imitation of our own hunting boot, but substituting a polished leather top for the one which we prefer; with a pair of spurs, which, in length and size, would mock even those of our old moststroopers—complete a costume which is neither to be met with nor equalled anywhere, save in France. I have also seen French officers turn out in full uniform, sword and altogether; and ladies with their horses' tails elegantly twisted in their cruppers, to preserve them from the mud.

The quality of their horses being of little consequence in their style of hunting, some are mounted upon nags of sixteen hands high, others upon what, in the Highlands of Scotland, are called "shelties." As to their saddles, some are demi-piques; some have, and some have not, cloaks or greatcoats fastened in front or behind, either to preserve them from the weather, or in their seats; a pair of holsters, (the most sensible part of the whole,) one containing a loaf of bread, and the other a flask of wine; and cruppers—that deformity to a horse, without which you seldom or never see a Frenchman ride. A few of the party frequently augment these incumbrances to their horses, by the addition of a "cutty gun."

There are generally two horns to a pack, the one carried by the owner, or a friend, the other by the piqueur. These instruments have a mouth of at least a foot and a half in diameter; and when not in use, are suspended in the same manner as our shot-belts, by thrusting the head and one arm through the centre of their coils.

In the neighbourhood of Pau, there is an immensity of the very finest cover. Both gorse and copse, in abundance, perhaps too much: there is, therefore, no lack of foxes. One of the most frequent places of rendezvous for the pack which hunt the part of the country to which I particularly allude, is a place called the Bois de Pau. It is a wood, consisting of perhaps a couple of hundred acres, cut up and intersected in all directions by wide alleys and avenues. The French have no idea of a "run," their chief object being to accomplish what we call "mobbing in cover;" and this, to give them justice, they do set about in a most business-like manner. The dogs are thrown into a corner of this large wood, and instantly the hunters, like "knowing" old sportsmen in pheasant or woodcock shooting, gallop off to the different openings to guard them, and prevent Reynard, should he be inclined to break cover, and, if possible, to head him back into the woods; at the same time, never failing, if they have a gun, to salute him with a shot. A fox is generally found here, and after having been perhaps twenty or thirty times fired at and wounded, he is, in a short period, either most barbarously killed or run to ground. Scampering up and down the alleys, or upon the road, and bawling and shouting, afford great amusement to the hunters: but of leaping or going across the country, they are guiltless. The shots are frequently as likely to take effect upon some of the party as upon the ill-used fox; and one day, a cantonnier, at work upon the road, was all but struck by a ball fired in the wood.

Sometimes, when they run a fox to ground, they unearth him, and turn him out on some other day. Upon one occasion, they thus acquired as fine a fox as I ever saw; and we, the English, had some hopes of having a good day's sport with him. There is some very pretty country for riding across, in the valley to the south-west of Pau, abounding in fences, but none of a very difficult nature; and we urged the master of the hounds to unbag him there; but our intreaties could not overcome their insurmountable objection to leaping, and the master resolved to turn him loose in the same place where he was found—their favourite haunt, the Bois de Pau. This fox was a fine catch for them; for, not satisfied with admiring each other's feats of noisy brawl and hardy daring in the field, they were determined that the fair sex should have an opportunity of admiring their achievements. But, as all this took place during the carnival—the dancing and quadrilling period of the year among the French—it was some time before a day occurred upon which the ladies, sufficiently refreshed by a night's rest, could accompany their cavaliers to the chase. Thus the period of the imprisonment of this unfortunate victim, was

lengthened out beyond the fortnight: during which time he was fed high, and put out of wind.

Secure of finding a fox, and their gallantry forbidding them to disturb the ladies at so early an hour as their usual time of starting, eleven o'clock was the hour fixed upon, and the everlasting wood the place of rendezvous. Another friend and myself were among the last of leaving Pau, to join in the feats of this eventful day; and, in crossing the extensive *landes* which separate the town from the wood, we overtook the individual who, in a basket upon his head, was conveying the fox. Of course, we were much disgusted at the mode of proceeding, and I voted for upsetting the basket, and giving Reynard his liberty, at least a couple of miles from the wood, when he would, perhaps, have taken an opposite direction to it, and the hounds being brought and laid upon the scent, we, in all probability, would, for once, have seen something to bring home to our recollection. But my sagacious plan was overruled, and the man and his burden were allowed to proceed in the even tenor of their way.

Upon arriving at the wood, we found the assembled host, "on dreadful thoughts intent," waiting anxiously for the coming of the object of all their hopes and wishes. We pleaded hard that twenty or thirty minutes' *law* should be given him. But, no; the hounds were to be slipped upon him the moment that he started. The basket was set down, and the lid lifted; when I observed that the fox was attached, by a chain, to the inside, (which would somewhat have deranged my plan of upsetting the basket upon the *landes*), and he was so fierce that they could hardly untie it. To accomplish this, they let him get half-way out of the basket, and then squeezing the lid down upon him, they, with less danger from his teeth, managed, after having, I have no doubt, broken at least two or three of his ribs, to give him his freedom.

But, to my astonishment, they had resolved to make a dandy of him; and, for that purpose, had adorned his neck with a huge collar, with loads of small bells attached to it. This was horrid! In fact, he only wanted the tea-canister to his tail, to complete his costume. The chain being unloosed, he went off in great style, his bells jingling like those of a post-horse; and before he had made a hundred yards, away went the dogs after him. No sooner had the dogs started than all the French party galloped off, not after them, but before them, leaving them to hunt in the best manner they could; forgetting or unconscious, that the most beautiful and most intellectual part of a fox-hunt, is that, when the dogs, either having met with a check, display their sagacity and tact in recovering what the French call the "*quête*,"

and having succeeded, send forth the heart-stirring and joyous notes which tell us of the fact; or when, with their heads no longer at the earth, they shy along, breast high, causing the woods to ring again, and seeming to repeat the words of the old song—

Follow who can—oh, then! oh, then!

Breaking from the patch of wood, to which he had made at first, he was headed, in the next alley, into another division; and thus it continued, for about twenty minutes, out of one square into another; until, at last, being driven into a corner and mobbed, he was either killed by the dogs, or frightened to death by the hubbub. I think the latter must have been the cause of his death; for when I came up to the spot, I found him seemingly uninjured by the dogs; but, at all events, he was, as the criers in the streets say, "most barbarously murdered." The body was then tied upon the pommel of the master's saddle; his head dangling upon one side, and his brush upon the other; so that passengers, on either side of the road, or damsels gazing from the windows of the street, might not be deprived of a sight of the glorious trophy, nor ignorant of the prowess by which it had been acquired.

This was what the French call "*une grande chasse*." As only one half of the wood had been disturbed, the remainder was "drawn" for another fox: but without success. The owner upon this observed to me, "that it was no use drawing any more covers, as there had been rain in the morning." I thought of the "*Fox and the Grapes*;" and said that, in England, frequently the very best runs took place on rainy days; and not only was such the case, but I had more than once had my red coat made white with snow upon days on which I had seen very fair sport. "*Mon Dieu! mais c'est tout a fait different en France.*"

## The Naturalist.

### THE PROTEUS.

"Of all the animals which God hath created to work his will, as far as they are known to us, none is more remarkable, both for its situation and many of its characters" than the Proteus, "as affording some proof, that the waters under the earth, and other subterranean cavities, may have their peculiar population." Such are the words of the Rev. Mr. Kirby, in his *Bridge-water Treatise*, in illustration of his theory of "a subterranean habitation" for certain animals—an idea which it may be interesting to notice further, after we have made the reader acquainted with the habits and structure of the present extraordinary creature.

The Proteus belongs to the Saurian order of Reptiles. It was first found thrown up

by subterranean waters in Carniola, by Baron Zöis. The late Sir Humphry Davy appears to have found Protei in the Grotto of the Maddalena, at Adelsburg, several hundred feet below the surface of the earth. Indeed, the search after the Proteus was so peculiar an object of interest to Sir Humphry, that he made three annual visits to the grotto for the above purpose; one of which forms the subject of a Dialogue in the philosopher's posthumous volume, *Consolations in Travel*, a work to which we never refer without a sorrowful reflection, that its enlightened author should not have been spared to contribute still more to our knowledge of nature. We shall quote a portion of this Dialogue, as the most attractive description of the Proteus; the speakers being the Unknown Stranger, whom Sir Humphry Davy had met at Pæstum; Eubathes, his early friend and medical adviser, (the late Dr. Babington?); and Philaethes, (Sir Humphry himself.) Scene—the Grotto.

*Eub.*—I see three or four creatures, like slender fish, moving on the mud below the water.

*The Unknown.*—I see them; they are the Protei; now I have them in my fishing-net, and now they are safe in the pitcher of water. At first view, you might suppose this animal to be a lizard; but it has the motions of a fish. Its head, and the lower part of its body, and its tail, bear a strong resemblance to those of the eel; but it has no fins, and its curious bronchial organs are not like the gills of fishes; they form a singular vascular structure, as you see, almost like a crest, round the throat, (See the cut, *a*.) which may be removed without occasioning the death of the animal, which is likewise furnished with lungs. With this double apparatus for supplying air to the blood, it can live either below or above the surface of the water. Its fore feet resemble hands, but they have only three claws or fingers, and are too feeble to be of use in grasping or supporting the weight of the animal; the hinder feet have only two claws or toes, and in the larger specimens are found so imperfect as to be almost obliterated. It has small points in place of eyes, as if to preserve the analogy of nature. It is of a fleshy whiteness and transparency in its natural state, but when exposed to light, its skin gradually becomes darker, and at last gains an olive tint. Its nasal organs appear large; and it is abundantly furnished with teeth, from which it may be concluded, that it is an animal of prey; yet in its confined state, it has never been known to eat; and it has been kept alive for many years by occasionally changing the water in which it was placed.\*

\* This description does not altogether correspond with that by Mr. Kirby, who states the body to be of a pale, red colour; the muzzle to resemble the

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(The Proteus; from a specimen in the Museum of the Zoological Society.)

*Eub.*—Is this the only place in Carniola where these animals are found?

*The Unknown.*—They were first discovered here by the late Baron Zöis; but they have since been found, though rarely, at Sittich, about thirty miles distant, thrown up by water from a subterraneous cavity; and I have lately heard it reported that some individuals of the same species have been recognised in the calcareous strata in Sicily.

*Eub.*—This lake in which we have seen these animals is a very small one; do you suppose they are bred here?

*The Unknown.*—Certainly not; in dry seasons they are seldom found here, but after great rains they are often abundant. I think it cannot be doubted, that their natural residence is in an extensive, deep, subterranean lake, from which, in great floods, they sometimes are forced through the crevices of the rocks into this place where they are found; and it does not appear to me impossible, when the peculiar nature of the country in which we are considered, that the same great cavity may furnish the individuals which have been found at Adelsburg and at Sittich.

*Eub.*—This is a very extraordinary view of the subject. Is it not possible that it may be the larva of some large, unknown animal

inhabiting these limestone cavities? Its feet are not in harmony with the rest of its organization, and were they removed, it would have all the characters of a fish.

*The Unknown.*—I cannot suppose that they are larvæ. There is, I believe, in nature, no instance of a transition by this species of metamorphosis, from a more perfect to a less perfect animal. The tadpole has a resemblance to a fish before it becomes a frog; the caterpillar and the maggot gain not only more perfect powers of motion on the earth in their new state, but acquire organs by which they inhabit a new element. This animal, I dare say, is much larger than we now see it, when mature in its native place; but its comparative anatomy is, exceedingly hostile to the idea that it is an animal in a state of transition. It has been found of various sizes, from that of the thickness of a quill to that of the thumb, but its form of organs has been always the same. It is surely a perfect animal of a peculiar species. And it adds one instance more to the number already known of the wonderful manner in which life is produced and perpetuated in every part of our globe, even in places which seem the least suited to organized existences.—And the same infinite power and wisdom which has fitted the camel and the ostrich for the deserts of Africa, the swallow that secretes its own nest for the caves of Java, the whale for the Polar sea, and the morse and white bear for the Arctic ice, has given the Proteus to the deep and dark subterraneous lakes of Illyria,—an animal to whom the presence of light is not essential, and who can live indifferently in air and in water, on the surface of the rock, or in the depths of the mud.

*Phil.*—It is now ten years since I first visited this spot. I was exceedingly anxious to see the Proteus, and came here with the guide in the evening of the day I arrived at

bank of a duck: "the eyes are extremely minute, and scarcely discernible; they are concealed, and, apparently, rendered useless, by an opaque skin; but, as this animal is said to avoid light, it is evident that it produces some effect upon them: the tail has above and below a caudal fin, extending to the posterior legs: it is about a foot in length." These are the points of difference in Mr. Kirby's description of a specimen of the Proteus in confinement.

"From a small shell-fish found in the stomach of a Proteus, it seems to follow that its food, at least in part, consists of Molluscs inhabiting the same subterranean caves and waters with itself, and, probably, distinct from any of those to which the atmosphere has access." Sometimes, elevating its head above the water, it makes a hissing noise louder than could be expected from so small an animal."

Adelsberg, but though we examined the bottom of the cave with the greatest care, we could find no specimens. We returned the next morning, and were more fortunate; for we discovered five close to the bank, on the mud covering the bottom of the lake; the mud was smooth and perfectly undisturbed, and the water quite clear. This fact of their appearance during the night, seemed to me so extraordinary, that I could hardly avoid the fancy that they were new creations. I saw no cavities through which they could have entered, and the undisturbed state of the lake seemed to give weight to my notion. My reveries became discursive, I was carried in imagination back to the primitive state of the globe, when the great animals of the sauri kind were created under the pressure of a heavy atmosphere; and my notion on this subject was not destroyed, when I heard from a celebrated anatomist, to whom I sent the specimens I had collected, that the organization of the spine of the *Proteus* was analogous to that of one of the sauri, the remains of which are found in the older secondary strata.

Sir Humphry, probably, here alludes to a celebrated fossil found in the slate quarries of Oningen, which Scheuchzer called an antediluvian man, but which Cuvier regards as a giant species of *Proteus*.

This connexion of the *Proteus*, by its structure, with one of the larger Saurians, is adduced by Mr. Kirby in support of his hypothesis of a "subterranean metropolis for the Saurian, and, perhaps, other reptiles." Again, "when we look at the *Protei*, there is something so different in their general aspect from the tribes to which they are most nearly related, that the idea strikes one that we are viewing beings far removed from those that inhabit the surface of our globe and its waters; which, though accidentally visiting these upper regions, may be the outsetters of a population still further removed from our notice, and dipping deeper into its interior."

The original of the annexed Cut, (an illustration of Mr. Kirby's work,) was drawn from one of two living *Protei*, in the Museum of the Zoological Society, in the year 1833.

### New Books.

#### INDIAN SKETCHES.

By John T. Irving, Jun.

[THESE Sketches are the first attempts of the inexperienced pencil of a relative of Washington Irving; and, in descriptive vigour they are near akin to the best productions of our accomplished Geoffrey Crayon. The locality of the present Sketches, however, presents more vivid scenes than the latter writer has hitherto described, if we except one of his last, and in some opinions, best written

volumes, a *Tour on the Prairies*, to which the work before us, in subject, at least, bears a general resemblance. It originated in a recent bold and perilous expedition to the Pawnee and other tribes of American Indians; in which the United States' government sought to settle the migratory tribes of the Pawnees northward of the river Platte, and to effect a treaty of peace between them and the Delawares. Mr. Irving accompanied the commissioner of the expedition: to him it was a juvenile excursion, where everything was fraught with novelty and pleasurable excitement; and he was glad of the opportunity to visit strange scenes and strange people, of which he had only heard wild and exaggerated rumours. His records or sketches, accordingly, abound with interesting traits of savage life, afflicting incidents of revengeful hate and deep-rooted despair, excited by injuries long past yet not forgotten—the embers, as it were, of extinguished hope. In such scenes as these, which may be considered as the less glorious consequences of conquest and civilization, there is always an admixture of patient suffering which fastens upon the common sympathies of our nature, as we look out from luxurious security and pampered ease upon the simplicity of savage life and its many unborrowed charms. Indeed, so long as love of country is engrafted on the human heart, there must be painful contemplation in such objects as those which called for the expedition which furnished Mr. Irving with the materials of his Sketches—"the removal of the Indian tribes, resident within the States, to tracts of wild but fertile land, situated beyond the verge of white population. Some of the tribes thus removed, however, when they came to hunt over the lands assigned them, encountered fierce opposition from the aboriginal tribes of the prairies, who claimed the country as their own, and denied the right of the United States to make the transfer. The migratory tribes were thus placed in a disastrous predicament: having sold their native lands to the United States, they had no place to which they might retreat, while they could only maintain a footing in their new homes, by incessant fighting." The government in most cases put an end to the bloody conflicts thus engendered; but, in some instances, the aboriginals were not to be appeased, especially a numerous and fierce tribe of Pawnees, and their more daring allies, the Otoes; who claimed a region of several hundred square miles. It had long been their favourite hunting-ground, in which it was death for a strange hunter to intrude. This forbidden tract, however, had been granted by the United States to the Delawares; and the latter had made it the scene of their hunting excursions. Hence, it became debateable ground, in which war parties were continually

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lurking. The Delawares had been attacked, while hunting, by the Pawnees, and many of their tribe had fallen. The Delawares, in revenge, had surprised and burnt one of the Pawnee towns, while the warriors were absent on a buffalo hunt. Neither had the white men escaped this feud: trappers and traders having been massacred by the Pawnees as intruders. To improve this state of things the American expedition was appointed. The country through which the party journeyed is vividly described in these Sketches; and we have glimpses of the superstitious customs and legendary lore of the tribes inhabiting it. Forest and prairie life are painted with characteristic luxuriance; incidents in the lives of chiefs and warriors make up many a brief tale of woe, relieved by details of their feasts, their ardour in peace and war—in the chase, the camp, and the field—in the council and in the guard—in the nestling huts of the Grand Pawnee village, and the almost unbroken solitude of vast forests and bespangled prairies—where Nature reminds us of her infinite munificence to man. From such attractive reading we propose to select a few pages.]

#### *The Indian Country.*

It was late upon a fine glowing afternoon in July, that we first crossed the Indian frontier, and issued from the forest upon a beautiful prairie, spreading out, as far as the eye could reach, an undulating carpet of green, enamelled with a thousand flowers, and lighted up by the golden rays of the setting sun. Occasionally a grouse, frightened at our approach, would bustle from among the high grass, and fly whirring over the tops of the neighbouring hills. We had ridden for more than an hour over the green waste. The heat of the afternoon was yielding to the cool breezes of sunset; the sun itself had just hid its crimson disk below the prairie hills, and the western sky was still glowing with its beams. The deer, which, during the scorching heat of mid-day, had nestled among the thick groves which dot the prairie, now began to steal from their hiding-places, and were seen bounding over the green sward, or standing buried up to their heads among the tall flowers, and gazing wildly and fearfully at our party.

At a distance, too, we could perceive the gaunt form of a vagabond wolf, sneaking through the grass, and stealing snake-like upon his beautiful, though timid, co-tenant of the prairie.

#### *The Prairie.*

A passing cloud which had swept over the prairie in the morning, had left nothing but beauty. A cool freshness exhaled from the tall grass glittering with its water beads. The rich, though parched, foliage seemed to have

given place to a young and luxuriant growth of the richest green. The clusters of flowers which had worn a dried and feverish look, now rose in renovated beauty, as if from their bed of sickness, and spread their perfumes through the morning air.

In the spring of the year, these prairies are covered with a profusion of pale, pink flowers, rearing their delicate stalks among the rough blades of the wild grass. These were too fragile to withstand the scorching heat of summer; they had disappeared, and their stalks had also withered. Others had succeeded them. There was a gorgeous richness in the summer apparel of the prairie. Flowers of red, yellow, purple, and crimson were scattered in profusion among the grass, sometimes growing singly, and at others spreading out in beds of several acres in extent. Like many beauties in real life, they make up in the glare of their colours, what they want in delicacy; they dazzle but at a distance, and will not bear closer scrutiny.

There is a sensation of wild pleasure, in traversing these vast and boundless wastes. At one moment we were standing upon the crest of some wave-like hill, which commanded a wide view of the green desert before us. Here and there, were small clumps of trees, resting, like islands, upon the bosom of this sea of grass. Far off, a long waving line of timber winding like a serpent over the country, marked the course of some hidden stream. But a hundred steps of our horses carried us from the point of look-out. Passing down the sides of the hill, we splashed through the water at the bottom; tore a path through the grass, which frequently rose, in these hollows, to the height of eight or ten feet, and the next moment stood upon the crest of a hill similar to the first. This was again cut off as we descended a second time into the trough which followed the long surge-like swell of land.

Such is the prairie—hill follows hill, and hollow succeeds hollow, with the same regularity as the sweeping billows of the ocean. Occasionally a high broken bluff rears its solitary head in the midst, like some lonely sentinel overlooking the country. Upon the tops of, these we frequently saw an Indian, standing in bold relief against the sky, or seated upon some pleasant spot on its summit, and basking in the sunshine, with that air of lazy enjoyment which characterizes the race.

#### *The Sac Indian.*

We caught sight of a single Indian, standing beneath the shade of a tall oak. Whilst we were regarding him, a little red-nosed soldier came up. He informed us that the Indian was a Sac, one of those who had

fought against the whites under Black Hawk. As he mentioned this, he took the opportunity of uncorking his indignation, and letting off the superfluous foam, in a volley of oaths and anathemas against the whole race in general, and this individual in particular. He threw out dark hints of what he had himself done in the war, and what he would *now* do, if the major would only permit it. At the time, we looked upon him with considerable awe; but we afterwards learned that there was little to be apprehended from him. He was a character notorious for boiling over in the excess of his wrath, especially in time of peace; but beyond this was distinguished for nothing, except a strong attachment to liquors of all descriptions.

We soon left him, and crossed over the green, to the spot where the Indian was standing.

I had formed but a poor opinion of the race from those whom I had already seen; but never was I more agreeably disappointed—never had I beheld such a princely fellow. He stood unmoved as we came up, viewing us with a calm, cold, but unwavering gaze. His eyelid never drooped; nor was the eye averted for an instant as it met our look. A large blanket, here and there streaked with vermilion, and ornamented with hawks' bells, was so disposed around his folded arms, that it left bare his finely-formed shoulder, and half of his high and sinewy chest. A bright, steel-headed tomahawk peeped from beneath its folds, and a quiver of arrows hung at his back. His legs were cased in leggings of dressed deerskin, with the edges cut into a rough fringe. He wore a pair of mocassins of dressed buffalo hide. The top of his head was closely shaven, and covered with vermilion; but his face was free from any colouring whatever, with the exception of a ring of black paint, which was carefully drawn around each eye.

As we approached he drew himself up, and threw his head slightly backward with an air of haughtiness which well became his high stern features. He seemed to feel like a proud but desolate being. Upon his head was bound an eagle's plume, but it was crushed and broken. Could it be emblematic of the broken spirit of his own tribe? Their power was gone; their strength was withered; they were scattered to the four winds of heaven; the bones of their bravest warriors were whitening the prairies, and their chief was in bondage in an unknown land.\*

And this savage—he seemed to feel that he was alone; but his stern features told that he asked no pity, and would brook no insult.

#### *A Burning Prairie.*

After toiling for an hour, through a wide

\* At this time, Black Hawk was in the Eastern States.

bottom of tall weeds and matted grass, I reached the grove—erected a small shed of boughs after the manner of the Indians, and lying down was soon asleep, before a huge fire, which I built against the trunk of a fallen tree.

I was awakened by the increasing violence of the gale. At times it sank into low whistlings, and then would swell again, howling and whistling through the trees. After sitting by the fire for a short time, I again threw myself upon my pallet of dried grass, but could not sleep. There was something dismal and thrilling in the sound of the wind. At times, wild voices seemed shrieking through the woodland. It was in vain that I closed my eyes; a kind of superstitious feeling came over me, and though I saw nothing, my ears drank in every sound. I gazed around in every direction, and sat with my hand on my gun-trigger, for my feelings were so wrought up that I momentarily expected to see an armed Indian start from behind each bush. At last I rose up, and sat by the fire. Suddenly, a swift gust swept through the grove, and whirled off sparks and cinders in every direction. In an instant fifty little fires shot their forked tongues in the air, and seemed to flicker with a momentary struggle for existence. There was scarcely time to note their birth before they were creeping up in a tall, tapering blaze, and leaping lightly along the tops of the scattering clumps of dry grass. In another moment they leaped forward into the prairie, and a waving line of brilliant flame quivered high up in the dark atmosphere.

Another gust came rushing along the ravine. It was announced by a distant moan; as it came nearer a cloud of dry leaves filled the air; the slender shrubs and saplings bent like weeds—dry branches snapped and crackled. The lofty forest trees writhed, and creaked, and groaned. The next instant the furious blast reached the flaming prairie. Myriads and myriads of bright embers were flung wildly up in the air: flakes of blazing grass whirled like meteors through the sky. The flame spread into a vast sheet that swept over the prairie, bending forward, illumining the black waste which it had passed, and shedding a red light far down the deep vistas of the forest; though all beyond the blaze was of a pitchy blackness. The roaring flames drowned even the howling of the wind. At each succeeding blast they threw long pyramidal streams upwards in the black sky, then flared horizontally, and seemed to bound forward, lighting at each bound a new conflagration. Leap succeeded leap; the flames rushed on with a race-horse speed. The noise sounded like the roar of a stormy ocean, and the wild, tumultuous billows of flame were tossed about like a sea of fire. Directly in their course, and some distance

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out in the prairie, stood a large grove of oaks—the dry leaves still clinging to the branches. There was a red glare thrown upon them from the blazing flood. A moment passed, and a black smoke oozed from the nearest tree—the blaze roared among their branches, and shot up for a hundred feet in the air, waving as if in triumph. The effect was transient. In a moment had the fire swept through a grove covering several acres. It sank again into the prairie, leaving the limbs of every tree scathed and scorched to an inky blackness, and shining with a bright crimson light between their branches. In this way the light conflagration swept over the landscape: every hill seemed to burn its own funeral pyre, and the scorching heat licked up every blade in the hollows. A dark cloud of grey smoke, filled with burning embers, spread over the course of the flames, occasionally forming not ungraceful columns, which were almost instantly shattered by the wind, and driven in a thousand different directions.

For several hours the blaze continued to rage, and the whole horizon became girdled with a belt of living fire. As the circle extended the flames appeared smaller and smaller, until they looked like a slight golden thread drawn around the hills. They then must have been nearly ten miles distant. At length the blaze disappeared, although the purple light, that for hours illumined the night sky, told that the element was extending into other regions of the prairies.

It was sunrise when I rose from my resting place and resumed my journey. What a change! All was waste. The sun had set upon a prairie still clothed in its natural garb of herbage. It rose upon a scene of desolation. Not a single weed—not a blade of grass, was left. The tall grove, which at sunset was covered with withered foliage, now spread a labyrinth of scorched and naked branches—the very type of ruin. A thin covering of grey ashes was sprinkled upon the ground beneath, and several large, dead trees, whose dried branches had caught and nourished the flame, were still blazing or sending up long spires of smoke. In every direction, barrenness marked the track of the flames. It had even worked its course against the blast, hugging to the roots of the tall grass.

The wind was still raging; cinders and ashes were drifting, and whirling about, in almost suffocating clouds, sometimes rendering it impossible to see for more than one or two hundred yards.

#### LAMARTINE'S PILGRIMAGE.

##### *The Ruins of Balbec.*

(Continued from page 271.)

We rose next morning with the sun, the first rays of which lighted the temples of

Balbec, and gave to those mysterious ruins that appearance of eternal freshness which Nature can, when she pleases, confer even on what Time has destroyed. After a hasty breakfast, we set off to touch with our hands what we had as yet only touched with our eyes. We advanced to the artificial hill to examine the different masses of architecture of which it is composed. We soon reached it on the northern side, under the shade of the gigantic walls which in that direction envelope the ruins. A beautiful stream, overflowing its bed of granite, ran beneath our feet, and formed here and there little lakes of limpid water, gurgling and foaming round the huge stones which had fallen from the walls, and the sculptures buried in the bed of the stream.

We crossed the torrent of Balbec by the aid of the bridges which time had thrown over it, and by a steep and narrow breach we mounted to the terrace which runs round the walls. At every step we took, at every stone our hands touched and our eyes measured, we involuntarily uttered exclamations of admiration and surprise. Every block of stone composing this boundary wall is at least eight or ten feet in length, five or six in width, and the same in height. These blocks, of enormous weight to be lifted by men's hands, lie uncemented one upon another, and almost all bear traces of Indian or Egyptian sculpture.

Several of the stones of the wall were twenty and thirty feet in length, and seven or eight in height.

On reaching the summit of the breach, we knew not where to fix our eyes. On every side, we beheld marble doors of prodigious dimensions, windows and niches bordered with exquisite sculpture, richly ornamented arches—fragments of cornices, entablatures, and capitals. The master works of art, the wrecks of ages, lay scattered as thickly as the grains of dust beneath our feet. All was mystery, confusion, inexplicable wonder.

We were still separated from the second scene of the ruins by some internal structures which intercepted our view of the temples. The spot which we had now reached was to all appearance the abode of the priests, or the site of some private chapels. We passed these monumental buildings, which were much richer than the surrounding wall, and the second scene of the ruins unfolded itself to our eyes. This was much broader, much longer, much fuller of rich ornament, than the first scene which we had just quitted. It was a vast platform of an oblong form, whose level was frequently interrupted by fragments of more elevated pavements, which seemed to have belonged to temples entirely destroyed, or to temples without roofs, where the Sun, which is worshipped at Balbec, might see his own altar. Round this platform is ranged

a series of chapels, decorated with niches, admirably sculptured friezes, cornices, and vaulted arches, all displaying the most finished workmanship, but evidently belonging to a degenerate period of art, and distinguished by that exuberance of ornament which marked the decline of the Greeks and Romans.

About eight or ten of the chapels appear to be in a perfect state, for they bear no traces of dilapidation. They are open to the oblong platform, round the edge of which they stand, and where the mysteries of the worship of Baal were probably performed in the open air.

But all this was nothing compared with what we beheld shortly afterwards. By multiplying in imagination the remains of the temples of Jupiter Stator at Rome, of the Coliseum, and of the Parthenon, some notion may be formed of this architectural scene: its wonders consisted in the prodigious accumulation of so many richly executed monuments in a single spot, so that the eye could embrace them at a single glance, in the midst of a desert, and above the ruins of an almost unknown city.

We slowly turned from this spectacle and journeyed towards the south, where the heads of the six gigantic columns I have already mentioned, rose like a pharos above the horizon of the ruins. To reach these columns, we had once more to pass external boundary walls, high terraces, pedestals, and foundations of altars. At length we arrived at the feet of the columns. Silence is the only language of man when what he feels outstrips the ordinary measure of his impressions. We stood in mute contemplation of these six columns, and scanning with our eyes their diameter, their elevation, and the admirable sculpture of their architraves and cornices. Their diameter is six feet, and their height upwards of seventy feet. They are formed out of only two or three blocks, which are so perfectly joined together that the junction lines are scarcely discernible. They are composed of a sort of light yellow stone, presenting a sort of medium between the polish of marble and the deadness of tuff. When we saw them, the sun lighted them only on one side; and we sat down for a few moments in their shade. Large birds like eagles, scared by the sound of our footsteps, fluttered above the capitals of the columns, where they have built their nests; and returning, perched upon the acanthus of the cornices, striking them with their beaks, and flapping their wings like living ornaments amidst these inanimate wonders. These columns, which some travellers have supposed to be the remains of an avenue, 104 feet long, and 56 wide, formerly leading to a temple, have, I think, evidently been the external ornaments of the same temple.

On an attentive examination of the smaller

temple, which still stands in a complete state at a little distance, it appears to have been built after the same design.

Before us, to the south, was another temple, standing on the edge of the platform, at the distance of about forty paces from us. This is the most perfect and most magnificent monument in Balbec, and, I may venture to add, in the whole world. If we could repair one or two columns of the peristyle, which have rolled down on the side of the platform, with their heads still resting against the walls of the temple; restore to their places some of the enormous vaulted arches which have fallen from the roof into the vestibule; raise up one or two sculptured blocks of the inner door; and if the altar, recomposed out of the fragments scattered over the ground, could resume its form and place,—we might recall the gods and the priests, and the people would behold their temple as complete and as brilliant as when it received its finishing touch from the hand of the architect. The proportions of this temple are smaller than those which are indicated by the six colossal columns. It is surrounded by a portico, supported by Corinthian columns, each of which is about five feet in diameter, and about forty-five feet in height. The columns are each composed of three blocks of stone: they are nine feet apart from one another, and an equal distance from the interior wall of the temple. Above the capitals of these columns are a rich architrave and an admirably sculptured cornice. The roof of this peristyle is formed of large, concave blocks of stone, cut with the chisel in vaulted arches, each of which is adorned with the figure of a god, a goddess, or a hero: among them we recognised a Ganymede carried off by the eagle of Jupiter. Some of these blocks have fallen to the ground, and are lying at the feet of the columns. We measured them, and they were sixteen feet wide and nearly five feet thick. These may be called the tiles of the temple. The inner door of the temple, formed of equally large blocks of stone, is twenty-two feet wide. We could not measure its height, because other blocks of stone had fallen near it and half covered it. The appearance of the sculptured stones which form the face of this, and its disproportion to the other parts of the edifice, lead me to suspect that it is the door of the ruined grand temple, and that it has been affixed to this. The sculptures which adorn it are, in my opinion, older than the age of Antoninus, and in a style infinitely less pure. An eagle holding a caduceus in his claws, spreads his wings over the opening; from his beak escape festoons of ribbons and chains, which are supported at their extremities by two figures of Fame. The interior of the monument is decorated with pillars and niches of the richest and most florid sculpture, some of the broken fragments of

which we carried away. Several of the niches were quite perfect, and looked as though they had just received the finishing touch from the hand of the sculptor.

At a little distance from the entrance to the temple, we found some immense openings and subterranean staircases, which led us down to lower buildings, the destinations of which we were unable to guess. Here, too, all was on a vast and magnificent scale. They were probably the abodes of the pontiffs, the colleges of the priests, the halls of initiation—perhaps also royal dwellings. They were lighted from their roofs, or from the sides of the platform under which they were built. Fearing lest we might lose ourselves in these labyrinths, we entered only a small portion of them—they seemed to extend over the whole of the hill. The temple I have just described stands at the south-western extremity of the hill of Balbec, and forms the angle of the platform.

On leaving the peristyle, we found ourselves on the very edge of the precipice. We could measure the Cyclopean stones which form the pedestal of this group of monuments. This pedestal is thirty feet above the level of the plain of Balbec. It is built of stones of such prodigious dimensions, that if the descriptions of them were not given by travellers worthy of credit, they would be rejected as false and improbable. The Arabs, who are daily eye witnesses to the existence of these wonders, attribute them, not to the power of man, but to that of genii and other supernatural beings. When it is considered that some of these blocks of hewn granite are twenty feet long, fifteen or sixteen wide, and of inconceivable thickness; when it is borne in mind, that these huge masses are raised one above another to the height of twenty or thirty feet from the ground—that they have been brought from distant quarries, and raised to so vast a height to form the pavement of the temples—the mind is overwhelmed by such an example of human power. The science of modern times cannot help us to explain it, and we cannot be surprised that it is referred to the supernatural.

These wonders are evidently not of the date of the temples—they were mysteries to the ancients, as they are to us. They belong to an unknown age, and are perhaps antediluvian. It is possible, that they may have supported many temples, consecrated to successive and various forms of religious worship. On the site of the ruins of Balbec, the eye at once recognises five or six generations of monuments, belonging to different ages. I am inclined to believe that these gigantic masses of stone were put together either by the early races of men who in all primitive histories are denominated giants, or by some race of men who lived before the Deluge.

### The Gatherer.

*Gelatine.*—A pound of meat contains about an ounce of gelatinous matter; it thence follows that 1,500 pounds of the same meat, which is the whole weight of a bullock, would give only 94 lbs. which might easily be contained in an earthen jar.

*Turtle.*—The usual allowance at a Turtle Feast is six pounds live weight per head. At the Spanish Dinner, at the City of London Tavern, in 1808, 400 guests attended, and 2,500 pounds of Turtle were consumed.

*Travelling.*—Near Damascus, M. de Lamartine was overtaken by the Cadi of Constantinople and his caravan: his wife and family travelled in a kind of double basket, poised upon the back of a mule; one woman and several little children occupying each half of the receptacle, the whole being covered up.

All the movable furniture of an Arab family consists in two or three trunks, wherein they stow their clothes and their trinkets.

*Pastry.*—M. de Lamartine says he has never seen so many varieties of pastry as at Damascus, and it costs scarcely anything!

*The Comic Annual.*—Mr. Hood to his Publishers.

"DEAR SIRS,—I am truly happy to inform you, that the report was premature of my being 'lost in the Hoffnung, Murphy, of and to Cuxhaven.' It was, however, a most narrow escape. After running foul against the wind all the morning, about 4 P. M. a heavy squall struck our top-masts and split the mair-sheef to rags before the reefs could be furled, nearly all the crew being underhatched at the time—the rascally steersman even was not at the steerage. The consequence was exactly what Captains Hall or Marryat, or any experienced naval officer, would expect. The rudder would not answer the helm, she luffed away from the wind, shipped a sea that carried away all the left larboards, and gave such a lee-lurch to port, that we expected she would pitch head-foremost on her beam-ends, in which case she must inevitably have missed stays with her keel uppermost. Providentially, at this awful crisis, she broached-to, athwart hawse, which unexpectedly righted her, though not without damage. When we went to hoist sail upon it, we found that the mast had stepped out, but we fished with a spare stern-post for a jury, and by dint of tacking were able to claw off to a lee-shore, where, slipping our cables, we brought up fifteen fathoms of water and a sandy bottom with our best bower anchor. It was a miraculous escape. 'For the moment,' Murphy said, 'he thought all hands were on their last legs.'

"In such extremity it was a comfort to reflect that even 'the babe unborn' was well

provided for,—I mean **THE COMIC** for 1836, the materials for which I deposited in your hands on leaving England. By this time, I suppose it is all engraved, printed, and bound: but I must reiterate my injunction not to bring it out before the *First of December*. A more premature publication, after the tone of my last preface, would be too much like 'flying in my own face.'

"As to your query of 'where you can write to me?' the only certain address I could give you would be, *poste restante*, at Timbuctoo. To-day, for instance, I am at Berlin, to-morrow (figuratively) at Copenhagen, the next day at Geneva, and the day after that at Damascus. It is not unlikely, therefore, that in my search after 'fresh fields and pastures new' I may find myself some day under the mud crust of that great dirt-pie, an African hut, surrounded by fresh fields of sand, that would new pasture a herd of all the hour-glasses in the world. Between ourselves, I expect that this travelling will benefit my own health and that of the Annual besides. There are three things that the public will always clamour for sooner or later; namely, novelty, novelty, novelty; and it is well to be beforehand. I remember Grimaldi being hissed once at Sadler's Wells after singing his celebrated comic song of 'Tippity-witchet,' and he appealed to the audience. 'He had nodded,' he said, 'frowned, winked, sneezed, choked, gaped, cried, grinned, grimaced, and hiccupped; he had done all that could be done by brows, chin, cheeks, eyes, nose, and mouth, and what more did they want?' 'Why, we want,' yawned a languid voice from the pit, 'we want a new feature.'

"I am, dear Sirs, yours, very truly,

"**THOMAS HOOD.**"

*Berlin, Sept. 2, 1835.*

**Drunkenness.**—In one gin-shop in Manchester, no fewer than 2,000 persons, chiefly females, enter each Saturday evening, from five to twelve o'clock. There enter weekly into fourteen of the principal gin-shops of London, 142,453 men, 108,593 women, and 18,391 children, making a total each week of 269,437 for only fourteen shops. The number of places for the sale of spirits in London, exceeds that of bakers, butchers, and fishmongers, added together.—*Parliamentary Evidence.*

**Hamlet.**—The present popularity of the play of Hamlet is best evinced by its performance at four or five of the London theatres on the same evening. There is nothing new in this preference; for, it is nearly as old as the play itself. Lord Shaftesbury, speaking of "our old dramatic poet," (Shakespeare,) says: "That piece of his (Hamlet), which appears to have most affected English hearts, and has perhaps been oftener acted of any which have come upon our stage, is

almost one continued moral, a series of deep reflections, drawn from one mouth upon the subject of one single accident and calamity, naturally fitted to move horror and compassion. It may be properly said of this play, if I mistake not, that it has only one character or principal part. It contains no adoration or flattery of the sex, no ranting at the gods, no blustering heroism, nor anything of that curious mixture of the fierce and tender, which makes the hinge of modern tragedy, and nicely varies it between the points of love and honour." John Kemble, "the pride of the British stage," was wont to say to his friend Mr. Boaden, "take up any Shakspeare you will, from the first collection of his works to the last, which has been read, and look what play bears the most obvious signs of perusal. My life for it, they will be found in the volume which contains the play of Hamlet." True; and it is not merely a tragedy; for an audience laughs more at "its antiquated phrase and wit," than at the last new farce.

**Chess.**—Franklin compares the world to a game of chess, and, perhaps, the same number excel in each: still, it would be better for men, if the game of life impressed them with the difficulties of chess. *Hope* is the *Queen*—but,

Loose n't the Queen; for, ten to one,  
If she be lost, the game is gone.

**Origin of Steam Power.**—It appears from a letter written to the Marquis de Cinq Mars, in the reign of Louis XIII., by the celebrated Marion de Lorme, that a man confined in the Bicetre by Cardinal Richelieu, as a monomaniac, had discovered, in the application of the steam of boiling water, a substitute for the power of man, and the force of water, in directing various operations. Marion de Lorme saw this pretended madman during a visit she paid to the Bicetre, in company with the Marquis of Worcester, who is considered in England the first discoverer of the power of steam.

**Lord Melbourne a Poet.**—The following lines, as an inscription for the bust of Charles James Fox, were written by the present Viscount, in his nineteenth year:—

Live, marble, live! for thine's a sacred trust,

A patriot's face that speaks his noble mind;

Live! that our sons may kneel before this bust,

And hail the benefactor of mankind.

This was the man, who 'midst the tempest's rage,

A mark of safety to his country stood;

Warned with prophetic voice a servile age,

And strove to quench the insatiate thirst for blood.

This was the man whose ever-deathless fame

Recalls his life's so truly glorious scenes;

To bless his fellow-creatures was his aim,

And universal liberty his means.

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